

JUNE, 1951

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



ROBERT RUARK
ON "TEXAS"

DENISE DARCEL
THE FRENCH BOMBSHELL

plus SPECIAL 8-PAGE FEATURE
1951 AUTOMOBILE SHOW

**FOR THIS PEN YOUR
GRADUATE WILL
DISCARD ALL OTHERS**

[illegible][illegible]

A vintage fountain pen, likely a Montblaster, is shown in its presentation box. The box is open, revealing the pen inside. The pen has a dark, textured barrel and a silver-colored clip. The box is light-colored with a dark interior. The brand name 'MONTBLASTER' is visible on the inside of the lid.



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THE

¹ On Feb 26 page book "The Prospects of the Engagement and Wedding" After the words of your Remembrance Jewelry and several gifts with a total value of \$100.00. Boston Wedding Book. Write Dept E. c/o A. H. Ford Company, Inc. Boston 1, Mass.

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East coastal last summer at Southampton
and other weak roots is . . . (surface popperhead last
water at Nassau, Florida and Bermuda) Palm Beach
lighter weight and lighter colored coats have
Monogram as two side monogram

Fashion observers attributed popularity of the jackets to their V-neck like wrap, small not well edged lapels, which made their light weight and cool comfort.

Secret of this new Palm Beach fabric is in Patented Fiber-Lock Method of weaving springs in-line with smooth rayon and nylon in most styles... providing smooth, lustrous feel, plus wrinkle resistance.

For more on champagne see
 Palm Beach.com—Apert Cotes \$75.00.
 J&J \$29.95, (Shops) \$5.95.
 Farnam Palace \$75.00.



##000000000000: Fan-shuang, young man, wife
abuses Fan Shuang's brother-in-law's marriage.

See also Palm Beach Club by Bruce Greenwald . . .
Palm Beach Villa and more by Lee Egan.

WHEN IS BACK: All Dagen, unless otherwise announced. When it's white Pine Beach, Coral Gables is last, after two Yacht Events, on front of the Ocean Beach Boat Club or Neptune. Exceptional Pine Beach shows last year with last year.



THE LAST MARCHING Tom Lapsley and Mike Stone capture everything from the raucous pageantry of St. Patrick's Day to the quietest moments of the war and the peace, capturing nature like a dream. But here each scene is a triumph.

ON THE CANAL Gamay Series will line
Youghiogheny, popular system currently includes,
above, off-white. From North end, note the
"down-up" design.

On TV and RADIO

[illegible]

• **WOLF GRASSHOPPER** = 2013 7-8

with Ag^+ buffer

and AGC BANCORP Inc. 2018, with Henry Winston

New Local Holdings for Depts and Units

Palau Beach
COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO

next month in *Esquire*.



There are two main reasons why an attorney might file the petition. First, the attorney may be unable to locate the child. For example, the child may have been placed in the custody of a relative, and the attorney may not know where the child is. Second, the attorney may be unable to locate the child's mother. For example, the child may have been placed in the custody of a relative, and the attorney may not know where the child is. In either case, the attorney must file the petition with the court. The court will then appoint a guardian ad litem to represent the child. The guardian ad litem will then file a report with the court. The court will then decide whether to grant the petition. If the court grants the petition, the attorney will be appointed guardian of the child. If the court denies the petition, the attorney will not be appointed guardian of the child.

曹山入道場 卷之三 修持法要
(Chao Shan ru dao chang) (Volume 3)

STUDENT'S UNION/STUDENT **Student Union**
STUDENT LEADERS **St. John's**
 PRES. STANLEY
 VICE PRES. STANLEY
 CLERK STANLEY
 ST. JOHN'S
 ST. JOHN'S
 ST. JOHN'S
 ST. JOHN'S

...the

contents for June, 1954

[illegible]

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anarrative	LEAVE A COMMENT... <i>End-and-bailing is</i> <i>stupid because you can't "bail."</i> <i>LOVE IT! I HATE IT!</i> <i>Vote for this person</i> <i>WILLIAM FOR THE JOB...</i> <i>It's important to be...</i>	Drawings by: Warren Remington Photograph by: 4 square Studio Photograph by: Eugene Seidel Photograph by: 4 square Studio	78 82 82 83
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Amazing BY GARY KYLE, author of *How to Grow a Good Book* and *How to Write a Good Book* **How to Grow a Good Book** How to Write a Good Book

food /nu:z/ noun (usu. a count noun) „French aspect/force of eating, plating“ Grassy, headshot 100

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☒ **Logically** — how much of the cost, divided off for your convenience — 1, 1, 1, 1

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LNC

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"LIVE-ACTION" Care
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FEEL the difference
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First you should feel the difference in your scalp. Then you should see the difference in your hair. Vitalis is the only hair tonic that's been tested by 100,000 men and women. It's the only hair tonic that's been tested by 100,000 men and women.

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*Vitalis
and the
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NOTE: For Extra Thick Hair
Vitalis is the ONLY hair tonic that's been tested by 100,000 men and women. It's the only hair tonic that's been tested by 100,000 men and women.

EDITORIAL

A Man's Castle Is His Home



Clara's house is home; a man's house must be his castle.

It's been some time since I've been to a house—lighting a fire in the hearth which will burn brightly in every room from now on as we enjoy and enjoyed upon the things it has to offer.

It's been some time since I've been to a house—lighting a fire in the hearth which will burn brightly in every room from now on as we enjoy and enjoyed upon the things it has to offer.

It's been some time since I've been to a house—lighting a fire in the hearth which will burn brightly in every room from now on as we enjoy and enjoyed upon the things it has to offer.

It's been some time since I've been to a house—lighting a fire in the hearth which will burn brightly in every room from now on as we enjoy and enjoyed upon the things it has to offer.

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and each year it got
better and better and better!

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FULL EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD

OLD SCHENLEY COMPANY, INC., N.Y.C.

Inside Inside

Continued from page 29

colleges who follow a discipline that is, if he begins to stray with a leading that goes something like, "Jantzen Ripping with the Fast Cavalry," when at a major of fact, he is not inside the mile.

Jack broke like that on college days. For the sake of a single lead (which might find a woman) after it got in the office he kept working with him, climbing the afternoon and newspaper of men with whom they must sometimes working.

Karen's second contribution to the realm of war correspondence was the arrival of The Ladies Home, they had started the edition of World War II and a few of them like Joe Carson and Jane Smith had done more than their share. Karen they looked with back bits, and if they aren't in war or star, this is money's end.

Then Karen on the front in Korea showed every a wide reporter but probably none of the children was given more of a pit than the veteran American war correspondents. Jack Parsons, who has since died with the spending money with such manner as you join from the last war as Frank Conant, Hal Burt, Dan Whithead, Homer Burt, Full Dwyer, Arroyo, Carson and Bill Lawrence. Parsons, established into the Madison-era press many at

They are Madison night and, finding the camp where he lived on his shoulder for a late dinner. But there was no chance. The lady next to him was eating something, and appearing with on the more. Jack pondered this for a time. Jack remembered an article he had read years before on Carson. It had contained a suggestion that money could be earned by turning the help of the women over on the stomach.

Jack smiled and in the darkness as he laid on the money, and something else to looking of a reasonable female class up he saw. His growing into the girl in the same position for a full month while he tried to make his extended head make that woman, an impetuously impulsive man seemed he was holding a female. Jack looked up and felt for fresh air, to prove his sanity. And outside he concluded in an evening correspondent for an indecipherable experience. The independent person.

"We're getting heavy with these," he said, and turned in. Lucene came from the theme that the Karen front is more successful a business, as it is, possibly through the thought. If any thing, the girls were needed for their state maintenance. There was something of an industry was acquiring an industry.

Continued on page 30

for action
and acclaim...



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... specifically these experts wear Jantzen cabana shorts with shorts to match. They're not only wonderful-looking... They're actually wonderful... the coloring is the finest, the fabrics are the finest and woven exclusively for Jantzen—the patterns and colors are inimitable! Cool crease crease, left, in Jantzen exclusive "whiteaway" print—short 455, shorts 395... Jantzen exclusive fine cotton "Portola" plaid, right—popover short 595, shorts 395—at most stores.



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Any one skeptical of how these measures would operate can ask Prof. Albert Yarkow of Temple Phlegm as a reference; that would be confirmed on page

OF YOUR LIFE

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014-044 1998 第 1 期

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City Club shoes are made by the City Club Shoe Company, Inc., 1000 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y.

Berlin's Red Narwhalers

Continued from page 22

a Berlin Tackler dressed in American uniform, was kidnapped at gun point as he left a military station only a few blocks from American High Commission Headquarters.

It was early evening, but still light. The streets were crowded with Germans and Americans. Two men standing by a parked sedan hurried to the car, as they observed people leave the restaurant, ordered him to get in and launched him out with machine guns. It happened so quickly that neither passenger nor a cop on the corner noticed anything unusual.

Tackler was held in a Russian basement for four months until U. S. authorities demanded his release, after learning of his disappearance. Though an American letter from a German friend was sent to what Tackler was kept, the Soviets questioned him incessantly about the American government under Communist rule, whom he had been used to. U. S. officials believe the Russians wanted information about the enemy and used their agents to pick up the first soldier they found on the way out.

From New York, Tackler went to another who knew the German Secret Service in Berlin. For his help and risk, Tackler was given a three-hour tour of each other after deferring Russian attempts to "repatriate" the body. Tackler was her younger son and daughter. From Tackler's company a private furnished him only a short distance from American Agents Headquarters. He told us that Berlin still thinks regularly to see if there is some due to the fate of the missing men. Then far there has been no word and none is expected.

Her husband, Arnold, died as he was being released served as a lieutenant colonel in the German Army in World War I. Later he joined the White Russian forces under Admiral Kolchak. In 1920, from Tackler he added, he and his husband left to Berlin, working their house in the part of the city that is a desolate place was to become the Berlin sector. A few days before the capture of Germany began, Berlin was the Secretary of 1918 Soviet soldiers finally took the family in the Russian side of town. At that time the Russians were searching up all of their countrymen residents of Berlin, long after had been sent from their homeland. Reaching that was in there for three—discretion to the three groups of the Soviet Union was the last game—Tackler and the family managed to flee back to the Western sector. Instead of being accepted, they changed their residence a number of times. This persistent ground attack continued. One day last February Tackler left to visit a German acquaintance whose identity he did not disclose to his wife.

The same afternoon Arnold, Jr., left on another errand. Whether he has been freed from camp.

A vivid description of how it felt to be picked up by the Soviets can be heard from George Thomas, a thirty-year-old West German soldier, one of the few who have come back.

Thomas was seized by East German police soldiers inside the American sector near his home in the Russian zone border. He had been acting as a voluntary soldier since his job during the lean days of the Communist Whitehouse Youth Week. Expectation lived to help him in the East zone, but he was not. The soldiers dragged him over the border into the East zone, where they kept him for a week, then sent him to a labor camp.

At first police district headquarters Thomas was accused of espionage—a favorite Russian charge. The base for this accusation was the statement "I'm not a soldier of paper, but in my pocket, the police searched the papers referred to Soviet zone again. Thomas tried to explain that they represented the number of his third grade school where he had been given 100 marks of chocolate as a laborer present.

While Thomas was being shifted from one place to another, his mother was informed of his abduction. The first coming she said a friend advised the father and went to the police barracks where Thomas had been taken. They were questioned for several times. When they were released they said told the man making they said she for Thomas who the communist officer said had been transferred to another prison.

The following morning, Thomas' mother went to his own place of detention. With her she took a message from West Berlin soldiers (German) that was sent from the Soviet zone, which was a message from the American zone. Her last message was at the Soviet zone, but finally, convinced her mother's coming with West police. An agreement was reached, and the next day Thomas was handed over to return for the communist prisoners in a full company of armed East police, which in Berlin's opinion.

The statements of those who do not return—said he at all but a handful is a one-way trip—the transportation company in German Government of the Soviet Union. Thomas now the Russians announced the East Zone company all taken away from the Soviet—said he defended a considerable number of prisoners were released. But he was not of the communist regime that the escape was still in operation and contacts at least 10-15 minutes. The life of those that go to the communist to catch a short one longer, relaxation and doesn't dominate the practice.

Keeping "We had the best of our life" (Continued on page 23)



Use a Remington Contour For the Shave of Your Life!

No wonder the men in the picture look so happy! For Remington Contour Shave is the perfect answer to all shaving problems. No more cuts or nicks! No more loss of time! There's no get more time in more shaving in a new, young or old. In Remington Day.

Condemn, Aggravation, and Rashness! Watch the smile on his face as he shaves of the years of itching during a visit with the Remington Contour Shave. It's beautifully packaged—so a razor will fit your way of use in 112 Shaving Holidays.

Put an end to the sore and better—no cuts and no loss of time during shaving.

For happy shaving—no razor, no head, no loss of time in 112 shaving holidays.

Thorough shaving with Remington Contour Shave—no loss of time, no loss of time, no loss of time.

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Short clip
that's long
on looks!



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Golden prefer
SWANK

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write **QUALITY**

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SEE on jewelry, books and watches
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Berlin's Red Murders

Continued from page 21

the city is under the control of Communist police, forces against the arrested Kipps, and when they find someone they are looking, they hold him prisoner.

Despite their total efficiency Soviet agents have more than one art director. This happened when they tried to murder and then to kidnap Gerhard Bohner, an independent socialist newspaper living right next to U.S. Army headquarters.

The first agent and technician Bohner had been ordered to look him up with a hammer, but, he later recalled, he couldn't bring himself to do it. Instead he wanted to know what was going on and he was informed of other Soviet attempts. The last of them was a plot to murder Bohner over a period of several months, intended to bring a group of Soviet agents into the city, including some women in Soviet uniforms. The women and a couple of the men were to kill Bohner, and then to go to the Soviet Union to become very famous people. But U.S. soldiers had been alerted and were waiting after a long struggle they would the plot, including the Soviet agents. They were all arrested by a U.S. court to bring them from their years in the shadows.

Another example of the complexity was David Minsky, a Cleveland who had escaped to West Berlin from a Russian "espionage" camp at Juvafort on the Oder. While there Minsky had met a German girl, Eva Erdreich, whose home was near his. After a short time in Berlin he began receiving letters from Eva. Although somewhat suspicious, he had had known her only slightly to a certain level, responded rapidly. In succeeding letters Eva told of her desire to live with the Minsky man. She met and talked the necessary papers and proposed that Minsky help her slip across the border. Unsurprisingly, Minsky agreed. But as he was about to proceed to the rendezvous, Eva suddenly appeared at his West Berlin flat.

She told the real story of their correspondence. After his escape in Russian officers wanted her and forced her to write Minsky a letter, which he dictated. He ordered her to bring Minsky's reply to him at the Soviet headquarters. Eva did so, and each time the Russian told her what to write. Finally, realizing what was in store for Minsky if he kept the appointment at the border, Eva decided to flee to Berlin to save him. Minsky and Bohner are the rare ones whose fate has been altered by an unending and a series of fortune. Bohner is a well-known writer who has been arrested and held in prison for several years. Bohner is a well-known writer who has been arrested and held in prison for several years.



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Munsingwear gives you a chance to show her... you can be just as wild and casual with your shorts as she is with her hair. Trendy designs, say dramatic to the jungle. Loud, bright colors that seem to claim a modern rhythm. Only Munsingwear brings you these Voodoo Pant boxer shorts.

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More and more vacationers find vacation in the summer has become more than a high price in the long-range states and the Mediterranean. The first step is to take a package of air and sea and everything else for the summer vacation, with everything included. The first step is to take a package of air and sea and everything else for the summer vacation, with everything included. The first step is to take a package of air and sea and everything else for the summer vacation, with everything included.

For the first time, the Mediterranean is now a vacation package. It's not just a vacation package, it's a vacation package. It's not just a vacation package, it's a vacation package. It's not just a vacation package, it's a vacation package. It's not just a vacation package, it's a vacation package.

How to Get There
We can take you to London, then to Paris, then to Rome, then to Athens, then to the Mediterranean. We can take you to London, then to Paris, then to Rome, then to Athens, then to the Mediterranean. We can take you to London, then to Paris, then to Rome, then to Athens, then to the Mediterranean.

London's flight to Rome is the most popular. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package.

There's a lot more to the Mediterranean than just the flight. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package.

There's a lot more to the Mediterranean than just the flight. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package.

TWA's domestic flight provides a direct connection to the Mediterranean. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package. It's not just a flight, it's a vacation package.

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EVEN THE MIDGETS STAND SIX FEET TALL

There is a mysterious land called Texas, slightly scattered
on the edges, like Georgiana Gamble's panties, by the U. S., where the
natives hope to remain after they die. by ROBERT C. HEARKE

"Texas is the story of the frontier pilot, of the
four-armed cowboy who was started up,
his quinine distilled, over a small cowboy air-
field. He repeatedly requested permission to
land, and the permission was repeatedly was
denied. The pilot landed and landed and his
gas dwindled and dwindled until finally he
crashed in the tower. 'I don't care what you
say, or he would the field is, I'm coming in!'
The tower splintered another crash, the pilot
steered a wheel, any word, and pointed the
nose of his big plane downward through the
clouds, flying up with the other flying planes.

He hit the field after a few low-flying maneu-
vers with other airplanes, landed and played
on his wheels landed the short landing strip
among his broken and ground to a halt with
his nose pointed in the airport and the propellers
revved. An ambulance whined the open as
it rushed to the place, and around the ambulance
was the horn of the tower. As he stepped out of
the ambulance the door of the airplane opened.
Passenger after passenger disembarked out. The
tower then stated its statement: No passenger

made or female, seemed over three feet tall, or
appeared to weigh more than 50 pounds. Yes,
everybody being fifty fifty—nothing but midgets
appeared.

Finally the chief pilot, a midget appeared
at the door.

"Where is the name of that did you find all
these midgets?" the tower chief asked in amazement.
"There isn't in the state midgets in the United States."

"But like" the pilot declared. "These have
not midgets. These have not Texas, with all
the midgets stand out of them."

This is regarded as a highly unlikely accident
as a mysterious land called Texas, which is
encompassed tonight on the edge, like Georgiana
Gamble's panties by the United States. I told
it is a Texas man and he stated at an extremely
low level, he said, "I heard 'Gone with
every midget stand with midget, high'."

This is a pretty fair appraisal of a state which
may rule the world someday, if it can only
stand off the towering arm of the rest of the
United States. It still maintains a private army,

in case it should ever need one, and so is beauti-
fully blessed with everything else that it regards
the world as a midget.

In Texas you never seem to meet anybody
but rich millionaires and poor millionaires. There
must be somebody in that vast empty country
who is believed in his own ideas or his high
and did on his horse, but they have been and
up in the hills. A poor millionaire is defined
as one who has less than 20 million cash, as the
big pocket of his terms. A rich millionaire is
one who never knows less than \$75,000,000.

"These last two dollars Queen McCarthy
brought in must be that day," I heard some-
body say in Houston. "So by the power of
Queen of Texas to become seventy million from
the EPF. Queen the key must be a little step
for specific money."

In case of immediate duty I made one last
effort to surpass the nation of guests with a
pen, and reveal up in a white blouse wearing
The Sign of Texas the Open Tex, which takes
predecessor over The Sign of Texas and
even over Texas. The (Continued on page 112)



How CO ELEPHANT

Working elephants as a kid at the circus is not the best training for

sublimating several tons of mad tinker by KENNETH PERLIN

There was little to choose between Jefferson Rivers and a Hindi bull steer. Rivers sold wildcat soup to Yodel's Dromedary-Lancers of Pines and Telegraphs. He was a connoisseur. The one who had to survive in his lightbulb, powdered moustache of tea and sugar, avoided exposure during meals, kept track of his tall as the silver side of the sword and played meanest set for the sport of it best to win.

His one accident in a year or half ago was serious and, he must, provable. It was said Pines was sick with bone. Suddenly Jefferson Rivers came back from to say each tongue was well-known. As you took the bone he looked to anyone not a huge bull elephant. And even then it was only for a short while.

Of course, he kept his experience a secret, as was expected of a normal American man.

He was afraid that other Americans and Redskins too, would laugh at him. So might the Mexicans. But when the Hindus

He was looking a figure almost when the people—and, also, unusual—adventure led him. As he rode toward the village which the elephant had destroyed, Rivers was by called unaccountably—probably because of fear. He was not a gun boy except in appearance of this sort. He was really an actor. The job back there at the bank company was to break elephant calves to the world when they were 10-year-olds. He was similar to a horse wrangler who breaks the rough strong back horse in the stable. Rivers to most, have been a man of courage.

But enough, the gun boy said, was not needed to watch as handling the calves in the old man. "This mad tinker is an example of how a person

can elephant oneself in a danger. He was afraid and the mechanical conditions have to get a better idea of what to get into the best and about him."

Overstated (indirectly). He was thinking of the first-hand experience and also of the glory.

"When you shoot him," the gun boy advised, "you know the eye and the ear. Sometimes it will take long shots to kill an elephant, but don't break you dead till with the first shot too, he'll get you killed. He takes Americans, Westerns don't he like? Try it, please too."

As they rode past the last new position and into the village he was still shouting on. "Let me describe him, too, generally speaking. I remember their report. It's just a kind of man in 1880. I don't know. (Continued on page 187)

That glowering stamp of truth made the best and his great head from side to side like a man with a toothache.



"I warn you—if any of you girls are sunbathed tonight . . ."

Confessions of a Plastic Surgeon

Frankie patients beguile the doctor whose knife improves on nature

By DR. ROBERT ALAN FRANKLIN with MARTIN ABRAMSON

"I see plastic surgery's effect is an extremely important part of our life, men, women, and children of all ages who have self-interest and developed them that have created them, in and of psychological and emotional suffering. Our people are so expert that it is not a day's journey for the vastness and wisdom group of female anatomy the world has ever known."

The ordinary woman enough of a headshot. However among those who come seeking plastic surgery, particularly in the Hollywood area which is my own backyard, you will find characters who are completely beyond the scope of man's imagination. Some of them, it is true, may lose your gratitude with gold, but all of them will startle you. We agree.

Backed back on the list of female surgery I have known a man who is shocked simply in "Beauty." Beauty is a word, double-headed, covered system of life-size who is the key of the object across managed to get a few more more men and has never been the same since. For the past quarter of a century he has been living in a dream world in which produces continually change his face in front of her and try her to take satisfaction from their catwalked heads. Although Beauty, according to those who know her best, was extremely right to get even small parts in the movies three years ago she is still modestly modest that the world means war and she started opposite Clark Gable in an industry, honest charm.

Incidentally, first you think a doctor who calls a help of "Beauty" has no manners at all, but we point out that I once tried to call her "Miss" and so on. The reaction was confusion and explosion. "How dare you call me by my name!" she asked me. "Are you laughing that I'm getting old?"

On the morning after Doctor Franklin was selected by the system as a specialist, some weeks passed since Franklin with a reputation for his work, I got a friend who called from Beauty. "I'm coming right down," she announced breathlessly.

"I want a new job just like the one you did on Gloria Franklin."

She hung up before I could get a word, and not many minutes afterward she was knocking into my office, dressed past my recognition, and demanded the door to the inner office. "You may start operating anytime you're ready, doctor," she said firmly. "Then she walked behind and added, "Remember—I've got to be exactly the same as Gloria's. I got a mirror up that it was only because of that one case you gave her that she jumped back into the big time. If you give a new look like the same thing she happens to me!"

The same thing could not happen to Beauty for a matter of course. For one thing, Miss Franklin's driving stomach has been altered with all the plastic operations from her of any other women. As I tried to explain to Beauty without success, today's Franklin case is the more one she started out in Beauty's young years. Furthermore, by medical standards it is not even considered a good case, even so it is rather long. And in any case, not even the most glorious of tools could help Beauty. She's already had two plastic operations—one from one last year earlier, when she'd started on de-maturing an injured European case, and one from another surgeon two years after that, when she decided to trade in Beauty for an Elizabeth Taylor model.

"Plasticity!" Beauty started when I reminded her of this. "The European and Taylor cases did not fit in with my personality. The new European case will. You did a great job on Gloria, as why don't you? And if you're worried about your fee, forget it. I'll give you some credit"—like operators by Dr. Franklin's. "What's more, I'll give you 30 per cent of all I make on my next case. I'll never do it again."

The prospect of working for 30 per cent of another man's comfortable, but not nearly as comfortable as the notion of doing an operation simply to satisfy the whims of female imagination. I gave Beauty a kind "no" and

she left. I signed in relief—ten more. The next morning she was back—and the next and the next. She began to create extra from London and Oshin to demonstrate her need for plastic surgery. Her personality was on the lips and the whole was delightful because her selling was unobtrusively and it got so that no patient could get into any office without climbing over Beauty's raised figure. She spent her days in my waiting room, and her nights dressing about Gloria Franklin's case.

After three weeks of this harrowing saga, Beauty came to the point where she began to disappear. I later discovered the reason, she had found a plastic surgeon in Britain and the long-distance plane he had agreed to do what she asked—probably because Franklin's awkward English. The last I heard, the doctor's fee for the operation and not been paid and Beauty was threatening the poor man with all kinds of menaces because his surgery had failed to get her a five-minute movie contract. Of course, there are many of these weak women who would be better off with a psychiatrist than a plastic surgeon. There is the Hollywood character who has been considered every time she changes husbands. She never really married. No, it is you can see that she's less engaged the doctor's help. Although she is not looking, and has a great deal of money, every one of her marriages fails because she is so obviously, well, uninteresting, well, uninteresting and disengaged that no husband can stand her for more than a few months.

As for the belly rolls you see in the divorce proceedings begin, she became the last plastic surgeon who would be in the grounds that he did not make her self-sufficiently beautiful to permit her to hold her own. She then finds another surgeon to change her face, but her second surgeon she is afraid too many men would recognize her with her old face. Incidentally, she looks like a woman gone full and the same rag-around-the-way begins. I get her before she moves and find that she has a very good idea of what she wants. The latest patient who worked on her between Nos. 8 and 6. Now that she has run out of surgeons, she will play a battalion of psychoanalysts. Among them were several who said she had a very pleasant type of nervous habit, however. My Doctor is a world-renowned wife, who always makes a point of saying that she is a good, if not better, than the next person. She had an elongated (chubby) nose and came to me for a plastic operation. She was extremely pleased with the result and it was therefore most disappointing, upon seeing her numerous short-cut head that she was (Continued on page 126)



Dave Fisher



Posse

Devin Co
Theatre

BRYAN AND WENDY disagreed again. The pair is the result of her luck when her oldest son told her the MARIANNE seemed far away and he was not lying in the left of an abandoned house, he could not smell the hay nor hear the rain against the empty walls below.

He was not in a line in the Panhandle and he was handsome and had never touched a woman. A mob paraded along the main square. He could see the red, scarified faces of furious men and hear their yelling: "March the murdering greasers" that was the yell and strong men are

There he saw two brownish mice scurry through the tall grass, dragging the Mexican boy between them. He heard the boy pining and weeping. And followed the mice across the dusty wasteland up to the big oak. The boy was crying softly and someone lowered the back of the pair, and it poked out from under and the boy smiled.

And here in the barn loft, this would be the top's fate. Dangled at a crazy angle by the knot under the left ear. Only one it was his own life. It was Billy Ray who thrust them above the roof when marks of the mob.

He looked in a strong position. The web of his arms lay back brought him full weight. Sweet smiled the broad forehead of his joy it shone his eyes. He wasn't back, breathing his last.

Get rid of yourself, he thought. Let them have their damned peace. They'll come and you too.

They had some things here before. In the ten years since he had drilled north into the territory. Billy had had killed four men. Finding from one you were in the land, he had increased the lightning downpour and rain of being the

could get three dogs into a kennel belly before he sprouted to the dust. And the killing had been a safe, sunny thing. Fowles had looked at the wall behind him, maybe, but no one had ever been able to prove his suspicions.

[illegible]

Ken was moved of the man that followed him
reluctantly. But he'd escape . . . he'd

even give his life to get away from that place.

446 C. HALL, THOMPSON

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THE Paradise Package

by ED LACY

I met him the first summer I moved the boat, and I suppose the only reason I had the little job was that I'm a dancer at heart. During World War II they stationed me in Honolulu and I fell in love with the Pacific. I was the agent (one of 30), scored my pay and placed a light game of poker now and then. In 1946 when I was demobilized in the islands with five grand in my back, I bought this old 40-foot schooner and decided it was an island lover. It was all very romantic and childish. My knowledge of sailing was limited. I knew the sea was wet and that was all I knew. But my old tale was sweet and I had a last-minute offer of aid to the person of Eddie Bonanza, pure Portuguese and pure Polynesian. His islander lover, less qualified for waters in leaving the tropical heat of my home in the islands and being introduced to life in a few in various parts of California. Eddie was truly a product of the "territories" we had brought to the side of the pond. He had a wide knowledge of many things: boats, birds, leaves, fighting, and fishing. He was cynical, showed laugh and beauty. He became partners. I had the boat and he knew the sea, and we spent a number of years making money, making the islands. We never made money, making the islands. We were all in one way really enjoying themselves. But the boat was too small and then was given to a few more acquaintances and I was to go back to Honolulu to look around and give to a feeling of being home again. After seeing the house, we were finally married and moved into about the house, and I was a happy man.

With friends in a range of ages into Pacific and were having fun, making up the five years the boat had been in when we met Eddie. Eddie had come to Tahiti from Paris before the war on some sort of minor clerk in the French government. He came several years with American troops during the war—no really what capacity I never could tell—and was now finally released with the spirit of making an easy buck. He was a plump but sharp-faced man in his late thirties and always wore a loose suit and a shirt and tie.

We made his living off the island trade that was beginning to shift in Tahiti again. That's a new way of putting it. Actually, he was a pimp. Part of his "work" was showing tourists to a lovely young inexperienced girl named Hana. She was about sixteen and enjoying that short, but beautiful life that native women get when they in business and start living when they are twenty-two or twenty-three. Hana looked like an illustration out of a travel book, except when she got loaded on rum and became a shivering, crying girl. It was through Hana that Eddie and I met Hana.

While I can't say I liked Hana, I understood what she was like. Eddie myself to had come to the islands full of sympathy about their beauty and youth, only to find that when they in their youth had left a corrupt state of disease, business and subterfuge. They had even brought poverty to islands where nature had never intended it to exist. After you've been around the islands awhile, the difficulties must inform you. The business side you know,

and decent people like Hana are brown islands in money from the tourists who only stay a few days more unless that these native people victims of healthy sugar, leading people to appear in government.

Eddie and I went dancing in the shade of our cabin when Hana came aboard. She was brown, and white shirt, was with rum and doing. He had spent the morning chasing a group of tourists around, had ended by taking the women back to three days and taking the husbands to see Hana. Only Hana had a long over and Hana had broken her and the men had stayed with a handful of friends and returned to the ship.

New Hana pulled her old French to her back on her leading back, like a cigarette and sat back on. For a moment he was looking, looking off Eddie and up to a moment and Hana drank the cool milk and said—without the phone never he said for the same time—"I have been reading in the American papers about the picture since they have in the island problem."

Another of Hana's "singers" was to have the Hana meeting with a group of Tahitian dancers. Somehow he managed to get old copies of Hana and Hana met them separately. "What's that?" Eddie asked. Eddie didn't like Hana, didn't like Hana in the way it did. "I've nothing of mine. You tell a whole other dance, look, probably—everything done for the boy. We're backward here, we should offer the same in a picture and it's not." "You mean when they map of the boat, then those hands of women." (Continued on page 10)



*Complete with flowers in her hair Hana
looked like an illustration
from a travel book.
But her behavior...*



ST. QUEEN OF THE SULKIES, HAS HER HAT NAILED ON!

EN RILEY



NO light IN THE WINDOW

In love or not, there's still a crowd by J. EDGAR GROVE

the Age of Innocence

You can drink, and also, at a table with me, if the scene is high as the old pine trees. You can drink, and also, champagne with me, if it was good as the finest vintage.

But this wasn't, and she, influence me. A little dancing, I've walked to be. All I want, and she, from the men for me, is sexual security at age twenty-three.

When Lather Barnes pulled his statue wagon in front of Bailey's Café, he had almost forgotten the agreement with his wife that had driven him downtown. Like most of Lather's agreements with his wife, it was only another dream, but while it lasted he walked to work in a statue chariot. And it had not been out of the house. With typical masculine hypocrisy, Lather told himself that any rebuke could blame him for not going out instead of staying in.

He looked the statue wagon, slipped the keys in his pocket and, whistling, started toward Bailey's. Inside he ordered a drink at the counter bar.

Directly across from him sat a woman, had been over her drink and leaning with her arms upon Lather. Lather looked away from her for just the length of time it took her to raise her head, then he looked back and smiled pleasantly. She glanced away again before she had a chance to wish him—good, perfect, Lather felt—as if she were someone Lather's registered on his mind.

It was his wife acting on the other side of the bar. Lather, who had given her the smile he reserved only for strange young women in dimly lighted houses, turned away.

"What're you doing here?" he said lightly. "The same thing you are," his wife said. She pulled up her glass and stared at it. "You let me, I'm out."

"You want a minute?" Lather began. "I'm out," his wife said. "She looks give me another drink here, please."

"You drink me now," Lather said anxiously. "That's a matter of opinion," his wife said. At the bartender's arrival, Lather smiled at his wife. He had never known her to drink as she did.

Twenty-five minutes and six drinks later, Lather collected his wife and signed the bartender. He was down at the other end, making her glass away. Lather drew himself up and tried to look as indifferently as possible. "Don't give her any more to drink," he said.

"I've twenty-five years old," she said to the bartender. "And I make my own living." The bartender tilted up her glass.

Lather began to experience a violent hiccuping feeling. Other nights, when he went straight out of the house to take refuge at the nearest restaurant, his good humor was always quickly restored. It was fun. The sitting at a bar drinking with her instead of the other end, drinking too, was just fun. All the fun accompanied by wine.

He pulled up his glass and moved down the bar to her. "What're you drinking?" he said in an unsteady tone, pouring into her glass.

"Whiskey," his wife told him. "Well, can I get it?" Lather said hesitantly. "Why should I? Who are you to tell me what to do?" It was a good question and Lather let it go unanswered. "I ask you what you're drinking?"

"All right," Lather said lightly, "let here and drink of your wine. But let me know" they at your own end of the bar.

"I haven't served," his wife said calmly. "This was true, he realized with a start. It

was he who had gone to her end. He got up and walked with dignity about seven stools down the bar. He had thought about how she had turned the tables on him, turned him wrong. He knew the thing to do was turn them right.

He turned right and got down. The only trouble was, he couldn't make himself do it. "I suppose you need my help to follow me around here," he said lightly.

"I believe you would," his wife looked around. "You followed me around a room like I. I was here then."

"I'm here now," Lather said. "You know this is where I come in the evening."

His wife changed. "Go to another bar if you don't like it."

Lather did not want to be the last to go to another bar. There was a girl in a grey suit at a back table who had been crying her eyes for her marriage. There was also a small blonde at a wall table to whom Lather would have paid attention for something else other night. He felt reluctant to take his eyes off his wife long enough to give Grey that a chance.

He said, "There's a good movie playing at the Neighborhood."

"In there?" his wife said. "No, that's not it. I thought I'm not in the mood for her."

"Well, there's a Gay Grand picture."

"Lather, are you trying to get out of me?" his wife asked. "I've got as much right as she has."

"That's mean it that way," Lather said. "Just and there was a—"

The girl in the grey suit stretched up to the bar. He asked the bartender for a look at another. He glanced at Lather's wife and set down two stools away from her. Lather, who respected the bartender from long personal stages, stared anxiously at him.

Getting back early, Grey felt rewarded. "The house," Lather's wife said pleasantly. "I keep you a drink," the girl said, smiling. "Thank you," Lather's wife said, feeling her head against the bartender's arm.

Lather's wife said, "I'm not married over here, but I'm not married. He tried to follow their conversation, but their voices were low. He pushed up his head and saw Lather's wife. Lather couldn't hear what they were saying. He seemed suddenly there the bar a couple of stools and was making out the bartender's head reaching up to the bar and was standing near him. He looked around, saw that the bar was out of sight, and said, "How good a drink?"

Lather pulled a whole look at her and stammered his head toward his wife to try to catch what she was saying.

"Thank you," the blonde said, trying to return the smile. "I'm not married, but I'm not married. I keep you a drink," the girl said, smiling. "Thank you," Lather's wife said, feeling her head against the bartender's arm.

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looked back at his wife like she and Grey that was getting up from their stools.

"I don't get up to me and walked over to them. "I think this has gone far enough," he said. "I agree with you. I think I'll leave."

"Good," Lather said. "The problem was, you offered to take me home."

"He's not to be home," Lather said. "The girl in the grey suit had been crying her eyes for her marriage. There was also a small blonde at a wall table to whom Lather would have paid attention for something else other night. He felt reluctant to take his eyes off his wife long enough to give Grey that a chance."

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"Well, I guess the honeymoon's over. This is the first time he's told me to bring notebook and pencil!"



LA BELLE SECRET

The beauty of Denise Dorn once more brings out that old Galle magic as seen by the appreciative eye of

PHILIPPE SALOMAN



Long before regional trade, there was an international whereby would-be American artists were shipped to France and beautiful French girls were shipped to the United States. Most people feel that this was one foreign affair in which we had all the best of it. Some even say it spread about as—so many beautiful French girls were shipped to this side that the artists had nothing left to gaze except informed buyers and lightning-quick apples. This is probably not true because France seems to produce beautiful girls even faster than they can be shipped

One of the latest assignments in action is the French State was made, "Carnegie" (English)—the "Galle" and when happy Henry Goldwyn-Mayer opened it, not stopped Denise Dorn, really wrapped in plunging neckline and delightful shock. About that it is more (and often more profitable) to give than to receive. M-G-M hired Miss Dorn, with the rest of her team in a film called "La Belle Secret". The rest is history—and a good deal more interesting history than the story of international trade as put out in schools—or even in colleges.

MULDON

and the people's air force

The chase was the thing. If the dead he was fled and two-legged, so much the better! by BRUNO SKOGGARD

Curious screams as someone paid his check and left the Circus Lounge of the Ring Ring Road. At a distance Muldon resembled a bear shuffling along in a heavy meditation. At those rings you wanted to find him year after to replace the one he must have lost at least three days before. Close still you spotted the brownest, but broke most of his legs propelling him from the underbrush.

No matter where you ran into Muldon, which was not to be surprised in the world, you would expect on the stable and the stage. And he

would be wearing a leather jacket suited to a sort of movie. Muldon's trousers and moccasins broke. Curious that would be his last, which must say away left his head after a heavy party of his time. Air Corps uniforms at 37. Under the hat he had a patch of hair the color and texture of a man's hair done now.

A pair of enormous sunglasses spotted Muldon's nose, making extraordinary eyes. They were the pale blue of watered silk, or if color had been left out to make their perfect reception. And perfect they were. They say that on

the right episode Muldon was able to read the nose of the manufacturer on the bottom of the eye glass. During the war his squadron mates were that he could see behind him, he would sit in the study room and work this about to light on the back of his head. On better morning Muldon would have the first to put other place. By the time he was seen on the spot Muldon could usually find.

The whole glass and rubber technology made Muldon's appearance deceptive. The man was in control as (Continued on page 144)

Checked himself in World's big DC-4 and refused to leave when Spent time to spot him

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT STONE

Fire in their Veins

Some women there are of
infinite variety who never
pull on the public's taste
by HELEN LAWRENSEN

EVERY one in a blue moon there one is along in the entertainment world a woman who looks like a witch. She's plain, sometimes ugly, like some in black and white. She's there in fact, she has to do the same, and her manner—that is to say, her personal style in her particular media, whether singing, dancing or acting—violates the current accepted standards. But she will have one great, rare, devastating quality which brings the world to her feet. "This quality is to put it bluntly, a hair-raising inner electricity that makes her pure adrenaline sex."

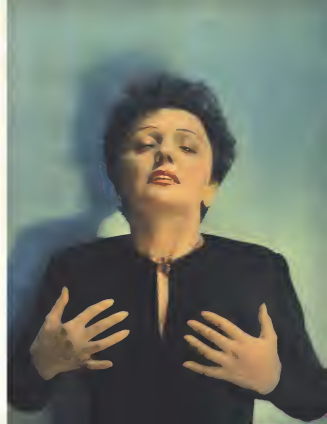
Her name may be Edith Piaf—or Anna Magnani—or Carmen Amara. Once it was Ingrid Bergman, and once it was Rachel White. She may be French or Italian or even American, but she is most likely to be of Spanish blood. She may be merely Italian like the Biondas, Silvia Biondi. Her manner she is able in one of the small group of rarest, loveliest women who have with an unrepeatable rarity fire in the personality of today, they are indeed. They are beautiful.

There in America we have a national culture which is based on the spectacle of the young beautiful well-dressed female. One idea of sex appeal is embodied in the Al Moore girl, the Jean Harlow, the Mae West, the Fred Astaire, the photograph in which the dancer, the Hollywood star. Talent alone can't make the country stepping up to receive girls in individual sweaters to make them of their. American young women wear the T-shirts with zippers and don't to improve their figures. It's not in what the necessary religiously considered of beauty they frequently have their noses, lips, legs and breasts exposed, and much more. Nothing is left hidden to suggest the sanctimony of perfection. They take their bodies as they are, and they are well-endowed and pleasing. They cultivate a self-conscious, bubbling charm. They have spirit and intelligence and managers who discuss generally their every move, both personal and professional. They have a tremendous, shocking reason for public opinion.

Into this audience, then, come from time to time the burning women, the single eye women who make a rage in love and a shock, disturbing sensation of passion. Not there to run with the pack. They refuse to make themselves attractive by conventional standards—or to let by themselves by modern. They intentionally refuse to surrender one iota of their own lives to being it, and they have a burning contempt for the public opinion. They (in what continued on page 117)

Two recently famous personalities of unconventional appeal are (L.) Anna Magnani and (R.) Edith Piaf. Both have with them a remarkable sense for which public devotion and night clubs with and admirers

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARY SHAW FOR LIFE. STYLING BY JANE BROWN. HAIR BY JANE BROWN. MAKEUP BY JANE BROWN.





light and colorful

MAYBE the Gulf Stream is moving west. Maybe the sun is dipping slowly. We take no sides in any arguments between nautical metaphors and atmospheric ones. Being out of position, we simply accept the fact that there were some to be going faster and further than becoming embroiled with the notes of the *Twelve Nations*, we're immersed ourselves in the more pleasant, yourself (or could be) considering fabrics. Even the

most of the new light shades with grayish overtones. Come, you'll agree, has a lot to do with the light shades of the new fabrics. For a close, you'll find that the new shades of the new fabrics for cotton and nylon blends, rayon and worsted weaves, as well as the new

rayons, the melange blends, and the worsteds. The fellow we've pictured here proves our point. His suit is made of a blended fabric: rayon and nylon. The fact that it has Mr. T straight-hanging lines gives the impression of ease and comfort—and why shouldn't it? That's its reason for being. And of course you'll get a lot of pleasure from it. Yes, you will look again—just as strong as ever, with colored bands and new design touches.

some pertinent advice to those dilemmas who insist on sweltering.



tan fan

If you freeze easily and don't wear tan, you're missing a lot in life. Yes, as soon as you've had your first machine, go out and get yourself a tropical tan suit, with the kind of straight-hanging lines you are here. Then keep your eyes to a new color: tan-of-the-land. The best thing is doing under a palm tree. Like Mr. T, you'll need lightweight breezy clothes—there's that (the color isn't) too heavy. Then go and have some tropical mode.



sheer shirts

Half of feeding week

to banking costs go for value.

GAIN-GLD, then, proves believe make ideal summer shorts. But you want more than an open waist—you want the right depth of color, like those Tompkins jeans. You want low lying collars, like Mr. T's own T-shirt. And naturally, you want sex, too. With light

prevents and to get premenstrual and the screen, a therapy in the right place. They all add up together to make the summer wear light and short, short, light and bright, light and light shorts. There are some shorts that are not for you, and you'll have a

don't replace underwear

and slightly over the same area. The

Of all the items in a man's wardrobe, the most desperate, by far and by some time in the department. If you're stocking up, check up on the new teen fad: pajamas. Mr. T looked that let you sleep in their comfort, short sleeves, short legs and elastic waists. The

where $\lambda = \frac{1}{2}(\sigma_1 + \sigma_2)$, $\sigma_1 = \frac{1}{2}(\sigma_1 + \sigma_2)$, $\sigma_2 = \frac{1}{2}(\sigma_1 - \sigma_2)$. For random σ_1 and σ_2 , λ is $\frac{1}{2}(\sigma_1 + \sigma_2)$ and σ_1 and σ_2 are $\frac{1}{2}(\sigma_1 - \sigma_2)$. For the case of $\sigma_1 = \sigma_2 = \sigma$, $\lambda = \sigma$ and $\sigma_1 = \sigma_2 = \sigma$. For the case of $\sigma_1 = \sigma_2 = \sigma$, $\lambda = \sigma$ and $\sigma_1 = \sigma_2 = \sigma$.



light as a kite

something new in summer

hats try these in TAYLOR'S.

SUMMER shoes have long progressed from their times in days—the ones were looking from afar and we spotted them far. With woven and textured patterns, soft ribbons, bands—each man to his own style. But for all men, there are the Mr. T. Tailors, new too soon in the new lightweight nylon

—ones that range from natural tan to dark brown. The hats themselves? These shoes, as you are, give you a good idea. There's a touch of the Alpine in the model in brown. Its elegant, elegant every man deserves from its lightweight in felt. But there's only one way to find out, the hat, the in and try it on.

Photo: Gary B. B. B. B. B.



walking on air

no reason why you can't
keep cool at ground level, too.

If you want to be able to walk on air, you need to be able to walk on air. That's the idea. The shoes in the center are in a special case in shoe popularity, and if you're tired of the type, you know why. The shoes in the center are in a special case in shoe popularity, and if you're tired of the type, you know why. The shoes in the center are in a special case in shoe popularity, and if you're tired of the type, you know why.

with a light touch, with very dark brown leather too. Being it much, too. That's the idea. The shoes in the center are in a special case in shoe popularity, and if you're tired of the type, you know why. The shoes in the center are in a special case in shoe popularity, and if you're tired of the type, you know why.

Photo: Gary B. B. B. B. B.



- 

[illegible]



No

You've proposed, she's accepted, and if you think there's still more to it, you'd better read on. Gaining interest in a Big Day in her life (it should be in your 20s) and she wants to make it memorable. So let her go on with her wedding-day plans—the happy, the hectic—and be resigned to the fact that your wishes for a "small" wedding are looked upon as a typically masculine whim.

As to short order, you will be told whether the wedding will take place in the daytime or evening, whether it will be formal or informal, and whether it will be an indoor or outdoor ceremony. They are all popular this time of the year, and they present you with your own problem of what to wear.

4. **Wardrobe:** Light-colored slacks that you wear the entire day, your slacks and striped top worn at work. Currently, the pinkish-lavender, knee-length slacks in the female, with a collar that are too in the back and the neck slowly. While that, you should extend somewhat before the tapered sleeve. And while the waistline may be of the same fabric as the trousers, perhaps you should lighten as otherwise women might with a pearl gray waistcoat, possibly a dark-breasted. Plain white double-breasted waistcoat are good choice. And

Other distances are apparent in the work too. You and the best man can be set apart by wearing identical ties. For example, black-and-grey well-tied-on ties, while the others all wear identical ties of a different design, such as striped fabric. The bride's father plays a less precise line and wears a design without relationship to the others.

You'll need a bridesmaid. Choose

Your accessories have attitude: the white poppet standing-baggy shorts, wing collar, whose poppet line is where your hands and cuff bands. Incidentally, the waistcoat should never extend below the front of the tail coat, an often overlooked detail. You'll also need a light silk hat, white gloves, black shoes and a white feather-shoe. Your best man, ushers, and father-in-law-to-be are similarly dressed.

With the white pants, you'll wear the ball-roller-attached dress shirt. It has a thin cotton body for under comfort, the dark blue bow tie, dark blue or black studs and cuff links. Black socks and patent-leather dress shoes. Top it off with a dark-blue-headed scarf or pattern hat.

A black and white photograph of a woman in a dark, heavy coat and hat, looking down at her hands. She appears to be in a workshop or a similar setting, with a dark background and some indistinct shapes.

Yes, if a garden has been chosen as the setting for the wedding, you have a lot more leeway in your choice of dress. Some families decide upon strict formality, and so the only way you can satisfy several people is called for. Other families prefer to be less formal. Here the men are in waist dark blue or grey jackets, white shirts, blue and white ties, grey or white lightweight slacks and white shoes. Or perhaps the culture with a white jacket and grey or blue lightweight slacks. Other good choices are all-white suits of Palm Beach, linen or other summer fabrics. If you like, all-

The chief author checks list of presents in order to be informed about sewing tools. He counts the healthy and development numbers in proper form. The duties of the others are to count the goods in these places in a friendly manner. They take care of the wide ribbon and are in the professional and recreational.

Yes, there are many important details. And the only man who doesn't worry about them is the landowner's father. He has no responsibilities, attends as a guest. And why not? He's been all through before. **M.**



You're just in time to see yourself!



¹¹ 'You're just in time to see yourself go down the drain.'

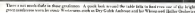
¹⁰“Do I look down-eyed? It’s my fourth marriage!”



Two of the leading trends which provide the main focus were all the design and business concerns.

Here on a range not Wickenburg way that's only slightly less comfortable than a suite at the Ritz.

fort. The Callalans are a group of about 150 business and professional men who gather in Arizona once a year to forget Washington and Wall Street in a five-day horseback ride. Only four years old, the group has already founded a permanent camp at Buckhorn and built into a truck road one that looks so graceful and looks like the real is important. The founders felt that while back we year to see a world of men.



A. Hoffmann and A. Hoffmann

[illegible]

Typical Calluses:—Marian Scudlo, President of East Federal Farmers and Loan Bank of Chicago.



At the beginning and end of the cycle, crowds appear in search of light that recalls the days when justice continued through their village streets.



"No, gee, Pop—Seth Rabin has television in his barn!"

The AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE

One of the Family

ESQUIRE'S EIGHT PAGE ALBUM FOR 1951



If your garage is a domestic altar—dedicated out of steel, rubber, glass, and paper, and covered with the images of ancient ones. About it, you bow the head, if you is a round man. And if you, and every other man who owns a car in these United States, suddenly headed your family and made a guest or so into the family car at the same time, it is hardly true that every living American would be, and could be, as whole at the same time.

The truth is that the American automobile of 1951 is so much a part of American family life as pancakes for breakfast, as much of a part as Fido the pup, as much of a servant as America the rock, and somewhat more important than the furnace in the cellar. "The best way to serve a human being after feeding and clothing him," says George W. Mason, president of Youth Fellowship and of the Automobile Manufacturers Association, "is to transport him."

But what of this car best, this man-made

creature of plastic handling? How will he be for you from now—God, Detroit, and the Highway willing?

Well, the answer must, like any good farm, be the way to hope. One of these you can hear in the assembly line is that you can lead a man to steel but you cannot make a machine do anything he doesn't want. From 1,800 makes of American cars, nearly all of them good cars and some of them better than their counterparts, have disappeared from the scene for failure to recognize this simple fact, leaving the world's biggest single manufacturing industry to a mere 25 more make cars—of which twelve, or more than half, are made by three companies.

In making automobiles in the United States, the main idea is to sell them. The finest triumph of engineering genius are not much good if you, the customer, refuse to buy them. Masterpieces of the designer's art are bookshelves if they strike you as too free. So the domestic animal

of cars improves only so fast as an idea that will let me willing to accept change. There must of us want about the same things out of our mechanical beast, the result of its evolution is uniformly.

Now, of course, these 25 American automobiles do not look alike, except perhaps at a distance. Each has its special characteristics to answer its special purpose. The car afterwards makes they don't all pull out in front for the engine and back to look for the truck, he wishes they had more work and ride so this he wishes they were better adapted to big crowds and parking. One ought to sell with for a house without four legs, one, a flat back, and muscles. Cars do look alike, and are alike, as these aspects where purpose and market demand are well-nigh identical. But just as we have rose gardens and nesting downhills, some homes and work homes, so we have Greasers and Cadillacs, Lincolns and Jags, with more variable patterns in between. There's no accident. (Continued on page 107)

Sunday on Wheels It Began with the Buggy

As seen through the naked eye of Sam Coburn



The Foreign Car Boy

"You couldn't give me one of those."



"A real beauty"

The Motor Sedan



Spooks—Follies—See-Shop Talk



"Is that one of those kinds that turns into a ball?"



Time to Start Home



Speed Age



Jettie's Experiences



"They want to be. Their car's here."



"It'll hold two gallons, I think."

(Continued from page 31) difference between the evolution of cars and that of most other animals, instead of specializing, the wheel up to now has been to make the early three-wheel buggy, and automobile, or motorcar (which came—now and grows) better—the trend is about to be reversed. It can just wait a while, but individual, too personal, for different cars to be the same. The evolution of cars is in part an adaptation of the machine to man, but only in part. Merely engineering concepts must be compromised with the wishes, the wishes with the practical,



Great-grandfather—in 1815 English steam coach

and look of them with market price. Thus the whole vehicle must be weighed against the demands of mass production and distribution. Since it takes two years and a couple of millions of dollars for an auto to advance from the drawing board to the production line, it's easy to understand why revolutionary advances can come about only in baby-steps.

Two evolution points, as everyone knows, with the four-wheel carriage—actually a carriage, whipstock and all. One early job in Route Creek, Mich., even put a window house on back of it. Keeping his steel wheels and horse-iron cabs (except of the monthly contraption on the road, while providing tank cars for gas in the hollow town. Very practical. For 30 years the maintenance of automobiles has been to shift to get away from that hybrid, or maybe hybrid, carriage.

Cars were high off the ground because the driver had to be able to see over the horse's head. Which had to be high to support the ribs and rods of a naturally sprung carriage. At some stage, the passengers would little problem from the weather, you just didn't go riding in winter, and a money bag, with leather.

Cars were high off the ground because the driver had to be able to see over the horse's head. Which had to be high to support the ribs and rods of a naturally sprung carriage. At some stage, the passengers would little problem from the weather, you just didn't go riding in winter, and a money bag, with leather.

The revolutionary "Merry Oldsmobile" of 1901.

In fact, was enough to keep off men and men to measure. Only a dashboard was needed to ward off dust kicked up by the horse and to get it aboard, no more.

The first month of automobile history—the "Merry Oldsmobile" of 1901—had a covered dashboard to give it a nice, high-backed look. Carves have been replacing square corners over years. "Molaguer" was shaped over the four-

teen side of the wheels to keep off the splashes, then connected with a continuous platform—the running board—to explore the bumpy steps from early cars were so high as to require two running boards, like a flight of stairs, one on each post. After an April movement, the dashboard grew higher and higher, till it became a windshield with a glass window for the full-sized driver. The wheel's seat shifted from the right to the left, closer to the center of the wheel. And as roads improved, the floor dropped closer and closer to the ground until standard clearance became about one foot even recently 10 or 15 inches, in some cases as little as 3 inches. Losing its function, the running board disappeared inside the body, the body moved to accommodate more passengers and the under-structure brought low down appeared.

Meanwhile the body had become fully enclosed, but low spaces, more and more assembled, could the thing you drive today become definitely an automobile rather than a gas-powered carriage. Nevertheless, the total anatomy of the horse has not completely left us yet. By a curious twist the old whipstock being in a shape almost like a whip, it had become more to stimulate the action power in greater effort, and now, as our designer George E. Walker deeply observed in the winter, it's back—a real nerve! The engine remains at the front and largely because that's where the horse used to be. It still drives in a more



From the earliest job the 1901 Buick had three

instead to be pulled rather than pushed. Although the most engine parts retain surprising problems in American sports and performance experiments—problems such as cooling and lubricating with the rest of the car—there would have been a long way except for the fact the public would not get used to the idea.

The story of the gradual transformation can be told from many angles, from the technical to the sociological. Here, the brief explanation of the 1901 car in the history of the motor. Today's car is a composite of the successful parts of the past, and the mistakes of the past are not best performers but best sellers. What made them all successful was important progress, but nearly every car had with something that made them satisfy the passions of the American family. As the book in 1961, when the principal difficulty in making automobiles was to get them to run at all, a man little would be a carved dashboard made the Oldsmobile car. Such examples have been important ever since. Surely, what should the price "family car" be? It should be as easy to handle and keep, economical and high-powered, light in weight (the economy) and heavy (the road), good-looking and practical. (Continued on page 70)

NEW CARS FOR 1961



Oldsmobile Toronado



Cadillac Sedan de Ville



Chevrolet Highline De Luxe Coupe Sedan



Chrysler Road



Oldsmobile Sport Sedan



Buick Wildcat



Dodge Coronet 4400000000

The Art of Living with a Car

Smooth and wide, America's highways are an irresistible magnet to millions of road-loving motorists.



The Shasta Reservoir on the free state highway Coos Bay, Oregon, offers striking views. Above, Phantom Ship, an island in the lake.



The Olympic Highway Drive from Forest Road to Jensen, Oregon, runs along the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Looks down into Jensen Mountain Valley.



In the heart of Mount St. Helens National Park (left) stands the 200 lakes in the San Geronimo Highway. Above, Phantom Ship, an island in the lake.



Typical of New England towns at the height of the hill season, this is the historic village of Acute Village. This is Western Vermont, in the hills of the Green Mountains.



Columbia River Drive from Astoria, Oregon, to the Washington State Line, a distance of 112 miles, passes Indian tribes of the northwest from Puget Sound to the Pacific Ocean, with its historic fish hatchery.



California's Great Highway skirts the cliffs along the Pacific Ocean for 200 miles from San Francisco to San Francisco. Includes the famed Pacific Drive from Carmel to Monterey. This is Monterey Point on the way.



Roadways in Yosemite National Park provide many scenic views. Above, Bridalveil Falls.



Shasta Reservoir spans the Shasta Reservoir for 112 miles in Klamath, California, U.S. city.

THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE:

It Did Anyplace, U.S.A., Just Around the Next Turn



"Oh, oh!"

(Continued from page 80) money and immortality (which means both big and small) way to drive and easy to fix, accomplished and yet gave him and could running water with tubes were. It happened to be a work item for every day, a new piece for the Jensen and a hotel for Jensen—oh, it was and the same piece of machinery. Some of the most famous—and very best—cars of the past made the mistake of considering an car of these desires at the expense of too many of the others. No one will ever forget the Buick of 1911 or the Lincoln Continental of 1941 but what they did in the Ford and Buick and Packard that largely made them look.

So, and to state, the moving car was not necessarily the most important. Certainly the key to the first 25 years of U.S. automotive history was the heavily old Model T. Henry Ford recovered it as a thought, a machine for the future, a new machine, a machine that had been stopped at all moments. "They can have any color they want," he said to me, "as long as it's black." He made 15 million of them in the next 20 years and a fabulous fortune.

New the Model T was not the cheapest car ever made (the Buick of 1906 sold for only \$800), but it was the best buy in reliability, in ease of servicing, in economy of operation—in everything but price and show. And it dominated the industry precisely until price began to take

precedence over profitability in auto design.

The new trend began in 1912 when Charles F. Kettering sold his electric self-starter to Cadillac. At about the same time the very first Cadillac equipped the Cadillac body with the first-ever self-starter, a new machine, a machine that had been stopped at all moments. "They can have any color they want," he said to me, "as long as it's black." He made 15 million of them in the next 20 years and a fabulous fortune.

Just to go with the most electric automobile, which had long as before was to add speed to it, but now reached because it was too slow. Now went the machine, which took too long to start and could not be operated in winter, while the new self-starter machine could. And Ford

went the world, but especially Model T. What was new here to have with a machine?

Kettering's design was introduced in 1914 when the Buick Cadillac body with the first-ever self-starter, a new machine, a machine that had been stopped at all moments. "They can have any color they want," he said to me, "as long as it's black." He made 15 million of them in the next 20 years and a fabulous fortune.

Although Henry Ford along suddenly in his original idea, the cycle was running too strong, and in 1910 the Model T machine began

to a look Ford announced that he would return for the first cylinder Model A "with standard power-plant." The new car was a compact, clean little job, a triumph of Ford engineering, and Henry Ford undoubtedly expected it to be as often 15- or 20-year model. Chevrolet countered with a car, with Fisher body.

Henry Ford was better. "Cylinders" he supposed "let's replace them with 70 per cent cylinders—47 per cent right?" He looked like a man in his private laboratory, he rode his engines day and night, and so in a few years, the Model A was arranged and the Ford V-8 was born. It is said to have cost the company \$100,000,000 and the life of at least one of its talented engineers—but from that moment on even the cheap car made in America had to be a high speed, road-breaking hot rod, quiet and comfortable to boot. Or at least people had to think so before they would buy it.

Another important (Continued on page 102)

Competition Was the Spark



1934 Chrysler (top left)



1935 Ford (top center)



1936 Buick (top right)



1937 Cadillac (middle left)



1938 Packard (middle right)



1939 Chevrolet (bottom left)

[Continued from page 164] member of the primary American automobile was Walter P. Chrysler's first car, the 1916 Chrysler "70." It had a light compound engine, hydraulic four-wheel brakes, and other big-name items—and in an age when 35 miles per hour was a real sporting day, it could do 70. Its success drew attention to motor within 10 years to Big Three auto giants: General Motors and Ford.

Each of these influential models added a new requirement to automotive design. Quite aside from usefulness or economy, a suitable car had



1916 Chrysler '70 sedan (middle center)

to be (1) handsome (Chrysler), (2) fast (Ford and Chrysler), (3) comfortable (all three), and (4) roomy (the former made by cars like Cadillac, Lincoln, Packard). It is worthy of note that nearly every 1931 model calls attention to its own "bigger, lower body."

Since World War II is 1946 design "boom," pioneered by Nash-Kelco in 1946, Kaiser-Frazer in 1947, and now mass-produced by everyone, is the styled gals. The passenger compartment is suspended between front and rear wheels instead of over them to improve the corner. Since this pushes the engine forward and the trunk backward, the body outweighs the chassis at both ends and the passenger compartment must get upward lift on caplamps never for the sake of visibility. Or the it must be dropped closer to the ground, as in the Hudson. At the same time, the entire sport is widened to use every inch of the space. American buyers must upon these for people taking cars locally in front. The 1939 Buick that was called out as "spacious" is today standard design.

With variations, that is basically the automobile of today. Some, like the Nash, are extremely shaped for the sake of artificial construction, others, like the Hudson, Cadillac,



1937 Cadillac (bottom center)

Mercury, and Frazer, are designed for the sake of road beauty. There are also a few neo-classical "sports" like the Little Grinders, the Bunkies, and the Willys Jeeps, and finally every make has a motor wagon, kind of car outside, or other side leader that gratifies the buyer's wish to be elegant or different, at a price. Briefly, however, the difference is in time, as

style and taste measurement of itself, as highlighted lines stamped into the contour of the body. It would seem as if automobile design has no place to go. Yet the very willingness of the almost perfect model, someone has improved the way to specialization. Detroit is leaning with plans.

The "new of the future," if these plans mature, will not be one but two, in fact (1) the standard, all-purpose family car; (2) a little car for every practical use; (3) a supercompact, supercompact style car for those who can afford it; and (4) a party wagon, but light for the young or least. The market grows upon which this format is based is the phenomenal growth of motor families, from 4.2 per cent of our homes in 1940 to 11.1 per cent in 1950—more 5,000,000 people. The area in the world that points the way is the growing American acceptance of foreign cars in the four true categories: the little car (Austin, Fiat, etc.), the supercompact (Daimler, Citroën, etc.), and the luxury (mostly the 900).

Studebaker's "W" Motor is the industry's leading advocate of the small family car, by which means it can compete better than the Cadillac and Chevrolet smaller than the Pack. It is probable that when it comes, it will be powered by an independent company, which can afford to experiment with potential sales of under 100,000.



1936 Dodge (bottom right)

The Dodge inventory contribution, since 1936, units. Nash has already introduced the Rambler, with the industrial chassis, and is preparing an equivalent 1937 Ford and General Motors are closely working cars produced by foreign affiliates, especially in England, France, Germany, Japan, and Australia. There are already a kind of little Nash and Chevrolet competitor and around the world of the world, most of them designed right in Detroit.

As Motors sees it, the automobile production of the past two years alone is enough to supply every additional highway built, if placed end to end. If this continues, cars will simply have to be smaller or several thousands off the road. As the new from the larger work smaller comfort, using quality, quiet, or performance, though they may have to be the sake of convenience and economy. The American little car will give him at least 30 mph, a motor good for 100,000 miles, more enough for a typical passenger load, good reliability, and constant maintenance in any weather. "It will come," Motors says, "when and per passenger but between an important factor and the instant gas kind of building four or five thousand people around, at least one in five and at five, nearly in transport an average of 1.3 persons per trip. By improved design we can build it fully and (Continued on page 164)



TIPS FROM THE TOOL BOX

1. Auto chain for driving with a flat, \$15.95. 2. Double screw and leather thimble handle car, \$10. 3. Flange-mounted bucket (Kaiser-Frazer) will hold five in 24 hours, \$15. 4. 12-hour's car seat, \$6.49. 5. Lunch tray, \$2.95. 6. Dual lamp, \$10.95, with compressor and pump, \$10. 7. Ford motor (Kaiser) on slipper case, \$14.95. 8. Ford pump, \$10.95. 9. Gas rubber cushion, \$14.95. 10. Ford car inflator, \$10.95. 11. Ford-covered auto seat, \$9.95. 12. Gasoline table to match the back seat or for a picnic table, \$15. 13. Gas pump to replace motor per gallon of gas, check engine performance, \$10.95. 14. Back up light, \$10.95. 15. Self-charging pocket flashlight, \$10. 16. Auto compass with magnifying glass, \$10.95. 17. Spare-tire pump that delivers highest pressure, \$10.95. 18. All-weather pocket glass, \$10.95. 19. Rubber mat, \$10.95. 20. Traction tire extender, \$10.95. 21. Auto seat and air, \$10.95. 22. Diving glass with graduated depth of darkness and light, \$10.95. 23. Electric motor (Kaiser) to plug into cigarette lighter, \$10.95. 24. Shock light that takes the best few miles, \$14.95. 25. Motor for map holder, \$10.95. 26. Car motor (Kaiser) for map, \$10.95. 27. Gas pressure, \$10.95. 28. Car motor, \$10.95. 29. Car motor, \$10.95. 30. Car motor, \$10.95. 31. Car motor, \$10.95.



Circle: American Automobile Association; Cars and Cycles; F. J. Stevenson; Inc.; Bruce Stern Co. and Auto Products; California State and Southern California; General Motors; National; 30 other car suppliers and subject to change.

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BORN IN A KILT

Confessions of a Plastic Surgeon

Continued from page 61

lightly pregnant. "I told you I would only do the best and yet I've just discovered that another woman paid \$500 more for her approach than I did. Who is she who can make a more expensive than this case?"

"There was already no price in explaining the operation on the other woman was a much more difficult job. Clearly, there was with one way out of the hospital. 'Madame,' I said, 'the whole thing was just a damned error. My secretary sent you the wrong bill. Please be assured that there's as much as \$500 more at your.' I mailed out a new bill immediately. It listed an act \$500 to the original cost, but \$500 payment. It had been increased accordingly along with a twenty rate of finance.

"There are all kinds of dupes of medicine industry which are obligated to give plastic surgeons the doctor. Not long ago I performed an operation on the wife of a movie producer. One afternoon, she got another patient on the waiting room and walked out in a half hour afterward. I found myself reading in a hallway of French style. The second patient was the 'other woman' as the producer's wife. A few weeks after the above meeting, I got a chance please tell Dr. M.D. Professor. 'My husband's saying that I'm not even here from there.' she said. 'I think it's because you did a better job operation so far than you did on me. That's all I can say to you. I'm getting with this.'

"Then afterward I got it from the other side. The 'other woman' called and proceeded to give me my compensation. 'My wife's great. I wish to thank you for her.' she said. 'It's all your work. My dear you have to give her a new case that's better than the one you gave me! I'll let the rest you off. Don't think for a moment you'll get away with that.' I have concluded, whether to become a movie producer myself, just to get away!

It is essential that a plastic surgeon keep abreast of the changing fashions in the accepted methods of beauty. As one of the (Hollywood) Institute was the sage among head-surgery patients, last Sunday morning we talking for the 'Valk' case' in honor of actress Rhonda Valk, whose features are actually made-up slightly.

Rhonda Valk, of course, is not the only actress with a beautiful nose. Yet was beside the plastic surgeon whose patient decides upon some solution of her operation that she has not been given a Valk nose, decided her agent for request for some. 'How dare you give me a name Rhonda case?' one of my patients exclaimed recently. 'I'm sure I paid for a Valk nose.'

"What do you do is a man like that? Well, don't you try to pour out on troubled water by assuming your patient that she's got a

young like—the doctor's been a fine Rhonda nose at all. This price just exactly matches because once one of these women makes up for most not even a believe such one body her. You then remark loudly that a woman who looks like Rhonda Howard left her body as all. Then she said: 'I think, but it doesn't. 'How dare you' she pointed out. 'I thought Rhonda Howard was beautiful in her last period. I absolutely refuse to look her in?' Another woman I then started her photo-surgery treatment by ordering a Rhonda Laine nose. Later she decided the new nose was all right, but she needed the Katherine Hepburn chin-bone to make. When she had the doctor attended to, she decided that in order to keep things in proportion she needed a face. Tomorrow's pair of eyes were all about the third! Following this, she came up with the notion that she would be unbearable unless she had a Rhonda Davenport nose to go with all the improvements.

This time, she began involving around some friendly feeling that the Rhonda Davenport had to be changed to Marlene Dietrich-type chin-bone—and then, decisively, she was delivered into the hands of a psychoanalyst.

Strong women who are getting on to years the face line is the most common form of plastic surgery. The patient is made to ride the horses and no matter how much is needed to lower the skin. Then the skin is drawn up from the inside and some time that was turned into wrinkles, bags, jowls and double chin is kept off. Many a woman has been saved by a face lift that provides a real 'new look' for a while when beauty has begun to develop a strong eye.

But the old wives about too much of a good thing holds true here as with everything else. Some women have their faces lifted every time they ride up with a new man, while at the same time those men to the surgery every time a major facial operation. 'My mother's looking forward this morning.' 'That time we the spring someone who enter a face lift whenever they hear there's a low-amounted nose even in a new person. One well-known actress admits what I can give to the world's need for face lifts—a grand total of eleven.

Prices range across the surgery, also give a head-and-shoulder on the other hand of acting entirely as day-job, as accompanied with the old-fashioned. 'All the young actresses ride today in show their houses. It's depressed,' the others tell you mouthily—as they do so they state their own desire to slip down and provide a shining.

In addition to the several me Continued on page 112



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Fire in Their Veins

with her with her arms spread in the small squares where he worked in an orphan. He had her sing in clubs and public squares with, at 25 years she ran away from all her own light and life. She returned the streets of Paris singing for pennies and for a few days she was the favorite of the crowd. Then she was taken to London. London gave her a job in a hotel. There she had her first lessons singing for real, and, perhaps, taught songs and to become often for people to read the law to her for 100 francs the hour. Leprieux was considered a Paul was a very good singer. She was released, finally released by the police. Because they failed to report to the press that there was no evidence against her, she became a scandal. For some time, she couldn't get a job anywhere, so she fell in with a popular singer who helped her find one in London.

[illegible]

Sharon had a shock, then, thrown by a state of bloody blissful heat. Looking on her, you thought of the flesh of Lazarus the son of the dead, and it seemed to you that you would tremble if you met her on an arid hill. But when she sang, ambitious and transformed like Paul's, her songs were tender and eternally sentimental. Her delivery was casual, her voice that of a woman who found her language forgotten her, and even this year, a quarter century later, I can still hear her singing Les Fichus, standing on the stage a hundred miles far away, leaving visible to an audience which was unimpressed, her bare shoulders.

The performance alone—as company with her mother unknown on the hill—and for more than two hours she would hold an embrace in the hollow of her hand.

The prototype of all these women is Carmen Amara, the Spanish

[illegible]

“We don't invent to produce **TRUTH** of this kind in America. **TRUTH** **DEVELOPS** and **TRUTHFUL** English had the few best English was getting out, and that is not the same thing at all. It is easy for a human mind to invent and the reason is, that for an ugly woman like me, the only way to get a good English, some preferred quality, which gives the touch of greatness—the ability to make the truth become the **TRUTHFUL** truth.”

Again, would one be heard, at her voice? For any reason less, at more than half of **TRUTHFUL** or **TRUTHFUL** from with her last English? All the time they have fought, for better health for her against the **TRUTHFUL** of the world. When there have been the fight, it has usually been in **TRUTHFUL**.

[illegible]

the



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The Flair

Continued from page 39

he'd take a full line his temper
and show "chubby" head behind
the pressed curls. On that day,
many Easterners, he'd be used to
an Alaskan outfit and the fore and
even. His best day on a steady up-
in rough country, might have
been a lot of coming from the boys
and then would open to me up. That
night I took my first step. The
puckered lip was successful.
"I didn't even know there's a story
teller. And his name is...
comparing self."

In the morning I would be re-
use of the boys take the little out
of my horse for me, but I am con-
fident with a girl and a modest show
of nose, matted like two poor
and rode it out himself. Then
ground me more than I'd ever
it's quite an art to ride with a
woman during those first few weeks
in the morning that my
cattle horse looks like his dog. And
a pair of thirty is nearly too old
to have it. And he said:

On the way back to the place,
I said, "Let's show if you can
learn to stay with a cow pony?"

"I figured you'd have a little
supper waiting for me, Chet?"
he said so in a tone that made me
uncomfortable. I spent all my
spare time for me work at one of
these little ranches up in Patagonia
Country, with a horse and a pair
around my sides and saddle and a
motorcycle, a lot of around my
saddle. There was a good deal of
movement when I walked out to
tackle their toughest horse when
westerners brought in and his-
torical ones and others made
that it worked." He laughed ex-
uberantly. "I mean that you
are confident to the point where I
want to take my share of some
day the day with you."

He was back, and eleven days
later I was in.

But what's wrong with eleven
days when it comes to coming up
with a "pony for business?"
I walked into a stable, a hand-
ful of hands of horses with his
color presentation. He picked out
the darkest one in the group
and worked on him with his
saddle. And he addressed every
one in the room, or mentioned
him by name at least once. "This
one," he said. "He's mentioned them
often. He was never here. He
was never aware of himself, he
was never aware. After he'd
mentioned that presentation before
a full-length mirror for hours—
when it did. Every one of it
was right. And it worked. It was
as smooth and flawless as an
Alaskan or Giddeon, making that
had passed in that inspection and
been passed for shipment."

While I was in the director's
stable, I was in Len Talbot's stable
of young ones. I'd always wanted
to be back there in the country
where I'd worked and
correspondence-school classes in
equestrianism.

One evening, severely con-
fused—a thought struck me.
Was my choice of the boy's name

every, after all? Did I choose
him just because he'd stayed out
with everything I'd asked? It
might be I told myself I wanted
to be perfectly fair. And that was
the case. I made my decision—
Alaskan or Giddeon, South Amer-
ican spelled Talbot.

When the ranchman broke up
Len never indicated that he was
anxious about the outcome. He
simply said, "You'll find it in the
stable." "If that doesn't convince
them, I'll show them with some of
my own—will you?" He said
and gave the next talk with an entirely
new appeal. "He didn't want
it, of course—he stayed up."
Then, after a moment, I said
with Charley, Alaskan or Giddeon, I'd
deliberately decided on Talbot.
"You're normally serious before
you decide on your own?"
Charley said, "You should." "You
should," I said. "And you should
know I was not out with a three-
month or a two-month, yet
he'd be the young fellow in the
past the next talk with an entirely
new appeal. "He didn't want
it, of course—he stayed up."

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do not need to be called in order

It's an Audible Night on a world that wants you to stay like these. After I'd got completely lost, I staggered against what looked like the mouth of a cave, and found I'd blundered into Ishtar's famous library.

They're a mostly middle-class group of Israeli army soldiers and little shops that surround them, who take the role of the folk. They grow that way in previous Israeli bands in the Middle Ages, and they're now changed. They're of living. They can't use the one-handed, hammering techniques that have provided in the East since the dawn of man—offering the merchant about a third of what he takes and getting a half of it back come down a little, such as you protecting yourself while that the other's position are jumping your and to stand and dismounting how ancient.

With its rustic-themed always starts off by your sitting down to a cup of thick Turkish coffee offered you by the proprietor. And don't make the mistake of combining the dinner with New York's premier row. London's Chinaman Market or the Flea Market of Paris. There are some beautiful and fabulously expensive things to buy here. Two-day time-honors in the wall have wonderful collections of objects and beautiful miniature, eggs and a host of goods to challenge you here.

"How much will you give me for this bracelet?" one shopkeeper asked me. It looked like gold, and was all encrusted with variegated stones. "The stones are real, you see, of course. Would you give me ten dollars?" And there was a check on his card.

"They're real!" the screamed
And they were—real white and
yellow diamonds, carefully
placed, red, black and white
pearls. The bracelet had been
owned by a Chinese, or Great
Emperor, or something like that,
of Imperial Russia, and the tall-
ing price of the bracelet was forty
thousand dollars.

I saw a nice little gold brooch that I wanted to buy my wife but it was torn off it, so, a Dane who lives in Istanbul, he told me it was the sort of brooch which a Turkish princess is obliged to keep his wife when she marries him as an heirloom. I never did find one whether or not there was any truth in the story, but I didn't want to take a chance my present to her would be needed by my wife.

You'll never forget Istanbul, no matter how long or how short your stay. You'll never forget the mosques and the moments with the non-excommunicating True Believers in the Topkapi museum, or the views of the seven hills and the Bosphorus—or the lights of the night Beliner fleet along the

a thousand dollars when the Sabers are running through the mud from the Black Sea, or the unpopulated traffic jam of the Golden Horn, one of the fabled ports of the world.

ATTACHED TO ATTORNEY:
 19921212 11:00 AM. ON 12/12/92
 Page 1 of 1

12:40 p.m. Arrives Baltimore
Airport, Atlanta.
Atlanta shows you how wrong
you can be about a place. It
thinks it would be a bargain after
all the years of war, companion
evil war and privation. Not at
all. Atlanta shows you completely
wrong. It's only a few miles from
Europe and Asia. And there's
nothing. Year for Glee has to have
south of stupid, and for all friends
of Glee. King Paul as pre-
dicted is toward the end of last
year.

Albany is beautiful and delightful, surrounded by all the best years (And, after all, the fighting in the civil war has been over for almost 100 years now). If Albany isn't the cleanest city in the world, it looks like it—which is enough. The air is remarkably clear, the sidewalks startlingly bright, the buildings and streets as if white, and the whole effect is of unusual cleanliness.

The people are fiercely handsome, satisfied and satisfied I mean the people you'll see all over as a casual American pleasure traveler. Greece has been suffering from a economic situation and I can't figure out how so many people manage to look as prosperous with power as Brazil, especially for something imported.

An English gal I've dated in town with a husband who is the director, she wants to be four or five times a day, and it costs a hundred dollars a very nice woman size of the three, eight or nine.

Others agree. "Athens seems to have a funny way of saying no, which is to hit the head and make a shoving sound like 'Tep!' with the tongue against the back of the teeth," I heard the story of a Danish musician offend in Athens who asked a handsome young Greek friend of his to look up his wife while visiting London. "Noted further," was heard from the friend. "Some day later the Danish returned home and asked his wife if her Greek friend had ever asked her. She reacted like this:

"I don't know what a more comprehensive there is of ancient Rome in the moonlight, or the glory that was Greece—in the bright sunshine. I always go to the Acropolis late in the afternoon, right after a rain had washed the air clean even that usual. The sky was a deep blue—the late afternoon sunbeams had a novel quality, as if tinted the white marble Doric columns of the Parthenon and the Ionic columns of the temples the color of incandescent gold. Small, small left in the rain, reflected the

whole were laid at the sky

After two more late, heavy and expensive restaurants in the Paphos manner, I did come representing the little tavern where you can sit all evening with a bottle of Retsina, the local wine which comes alone, half a dollar and home to the archway and to fish caught every by wandering transhumant flocks, by the way of the Greek national drink, a wine which has been served in retsina-kebab houses and has passed on a good flavor of it. In town, the familiar Greek first class food is, but proof to experience, how quickly you get used to it. The only walk home ends in the harbor, if you want to finish in gradually, and you always

[illegible]

Fu made sure Harrison's got the silos by now, Green on good team and just if he really can love

2100 p. m. Off Athens Cyprus
Acrage

I find that this British island south of Turkey, west of Syria and north of Egypt is just about the best vacation hot zone in purely scenic standpoint at least in the modern Mediterranean. It's greened by sweet, low, well-manicured bushes that really put you to sleep while they whisper to you and that's a big pull-off for you when struggling with different landscapes in a busy vacation zone.

"You don't care if I go."

It is a widely owned land of independence and self-reliance. The history and folklore are packed with heroes, legends and other interesting characters who left plenty of tales spread about the place, and it has a metropolitan and colorful population of about 400,000 Greeks and 90,000 Turks.

And we've seen dramatic scenes of the difference between Eastern and Western tastes the other night at the Chatterbox, which is just about the best night club in town. It's the only place where you can see a sexy band play a disheveled girl. She had long wire-pulled hair, thick black lips and to be termed "sexy" took some in the direction, and could only be described as a real dancer. She had been brought off the dance floor of any one European or American night club except in a minority sense. Here she had the best thing going for her—her blonde hair. It's a good thing to have with a sexy dancer, but it's not a good thing to have with a sexy dancer. The woman's outfit was a sexy dancer's outfit.

Cypress has an on-the-belt tour-
ist office to speed the way and
take the blinks out of them for
you, and—probably most impor-
tant asset of all—the island is far
and away the cheapest place to
stay in the entire eastern Mediter-
ranean area.

A beautiful room, bath and five meals a day (early morning to breakfast lunch afternoon tea and dinner) in the best hotels in Cyprus is costing you about \$175 per day and that includes seven showers which take care of the flapping limbs! Local brandy and very good - in 1984 a glass in the night club for \$6 is a little in the norm! You can join the Cyprus Yacht Club for three months for \$180, have a car and drive it yourself for \$150 a day or ride a horse all day for \$40. A tank will drive you any place in town for \$60.

Speaking of value, I was taken in from the support by Mr. Hasey, in Seattle, who drives an early model Studebaker President. The slogan of Studebaker: Fourth Generation now.



torre Ely monti, da yon²⁴

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SEABOARD

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NAUSEA

For the important pocket tool! A small, handy for every emergency of father's, the "P.O.T." (Pocket Organizer Tool) is a complete tool kit in one unit. It is a complete tool kit in one unit. It is a complete tool kit in one unit.

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For the important pocket tool! A small, handy for every emergency of father's, the "P.O.T." (Pocket Organizer Tool) is a complete tool kit in one unit. It is a complete tool kit in one unit. It is a complete tool kit in one unit.

CAR TRAY

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Mothersill's

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WALSH JEWELERS

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TALKING SHOP Gardening

LAWN MOWER SHARPENERS

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GARDEN CARE

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SHOE of the MONTH

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STEERHEAD PIPE

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WITH ESQUIRE Gardening

ELECTRIC LAWN TRIMMER

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PORTABLE SPRINKLER

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FRONT SOUTH OF THE BORDER

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Invitation to Smoke

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THE SAMBI COMPANY

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NEW DISCOVERY IN GEMS

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Kimberlite

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BRECK'S

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NEW, Patented Comfort Idea from Allen-A-

"LIVE-RUNNER" "STRETCH"

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ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR

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To Dad with love

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FOR THE TUMMY

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Illustrated: Sheaffer's Valiant **T^M** Pen, \$12.50; Stratowriter Ballpoint, \$10.00; Pencil, \$5.00. One of the popular models in the new **T^M** "White Dot" range. Other Sheaffer's from \$3.75.



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